The Padlock.

SINCE artiſts, who ſue for the trophies of fame,
Their wit, and their taſte, and their genius proclaim,
Attend to my ſong, where you'll certainly find
A ſecret diſclos'd, for the good of mankind;
And deny it who can, ſure the laurel's my due,
I've found out the Padlock to keep a wife true.

Shou'd the amorous goddeſs preſide o'er your dame,
With the ardors of youth all her paſſions enflame;
Shou'd her beauty lead captive each ſofter deſire,
And languiſhing Lovers ſtill ſigh and admire,
You fearleſs may truſt her, tho' thouſands may ſue,
When I tell you the Padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the huſband may think that he wiſely reſtrains,
With his bars and his bolts, his confinement & chains,
How fatally weak muſt his artifice prove!
Can fetters of ſteel bind like fetters of love?
Throw jealouſy hence, bid ſuſpicion adieu;
Reſtraint's not the Padlock to keep a wife true.

Shou'd her fancy invite to the park, or the play,
All-complying and kind, you muſt give her her way;
While her taſte and her judgement you fondly approve,
'Tis reaſon ſecures you the treaſures of love;
And, believe me, no coxcomb admiſſion can find,
For the fair one is ſafe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles ſhou'd frequently blend,
Let the huſband be loſt in the lover and frind;
Let doubts and ſurmizes no longer perplex;
'Tis the charms of indulgence that bind the ſoft ſex;
They ne'er can prove falſe, while this maxim's in view,
" Good-humour's the Padlock to keep a wife true."